Nim. I must do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare,
Yet sheel plod, and some say knives haue edges,
And men may sleepe and haue their throtes about them
At that time, and there is the humour of it.
Bar. Come y faith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll*
And thee friendes. What a plague should we carrie knives
To cut our owne throates.
Nim. Y faith Ile liue as long as I may, thats the certaine of it.
And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,
And theres my rest, and the randeuous of it.

Enter Pistoll *and Hostes Quickly his wife.*
Bar. Godmorrow ancient *Pistoll.*
Here comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prithee *Nim* be quiet.
Nim. How do you my Hoste?
Pist. Base slaue, callest thou me hoste?
Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,
Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.
Host. No by my troath not I,
For we cānot bed nor boord half a score honest gētlewomē
That liue honestly by the prick of their needle,
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.
O Lord heeres Corporall *Nims*, now shall
We haue wilful adultry and murther committed:
Good Corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,
And put vp your sword.
Nim. Push.
Pist. What dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland?
Nim. Will you shog off? I would haue you solus.
Pist. Solus egregious dog, that solus in thy throte,
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
Thy messfull mouth, I do retort that solus in thy
Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie: for I can talke,
And *Pistolls* flashing firy cock is vp.
Nim. I am not *Barbason*, you cannot coniure me:
I haue an humour *Pistoll* to knock you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*, Ile scoure you with my
Rapier

Rapier in faire termes. If you will w
Ile prick your guts a litle in good te
And theres the humour of it.
Pist. O braggard vile, and damne
The Graue doth gape, and groaning
Death is neare, therefore exall.
They drawe.
Bar. Heare me, he that strikes the
Ile kill him, as I am a souldier.
Pist. An oath of mickle might, and
Nim. Ile cut your throat at one ti
And theres the humor of it.
Pist. Couple gorge is the word, I
A damned hound, thinkst thou my s
No, to the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cresside
Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and
I haue, and I will hold, the quandom
For the onely she and Paco, there it
Enter the Boy.
Boy. Hostes you must come straig
And you Host *Pistoll*. Good *Bardolf*
Put thy nose betweene the sheetes, a

Host. By my troath heele yeeld t

Ile go to him, husband youle come?
Bar. Come *Pistoll* be friends.
Nim prithee be friends, and if thou wi
Enemies with me too.
Ni. I shal haue my eight shillings I w
Pist. Base is the slaue that payes.
Nim. That now I will haue, and t
Pist. As manhood shall compound.
Bar. He that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him by this sword.
Pist. Sword is an oath, and oathes n

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